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garb at the proper season. Who would wish to see the incongruity of a church decked in white on Good Friday or draped in black and purple on Christmas? Yet this is what your non-ritualists would have—deprive the worship of God of all beauty, poetry and grace, and give us white robes, stiff neckcloths, black coats, and prosy sermons droned forth in harsh, discordant tones. The world has had its full of Puritanism, and it is high time that, in this enlightened nineteenth century, we should do away with its fanatical doctrines and learn that true religion does not consist in sanctimoniousness and straight-laced hypocrisy.

All this you will say, however, has nothing to do with art—excuse me, but it has, and a great deal too. Ritualism is gradually developing a greater love for religious art, suggesting noble subjects, and bringing art into a channel from whence it will emerge greatly beautified and elevated. It is a doctrine which forever dings into the ears of its disciples this "Art is beautiful, Religion is beautiful; why should we not then combine these two and form a service that will be pleasant in the sight of God? To do this we will employ bright colors, sweet-smelling flowers, the cunning of the painter, and the devotion of the religious. Some may scoff at us, but we will dauntlessly do our duty, knowing that in its performance we are doing the thing that is right. Man, impressionable man, is worked upon by the senses of sight and sound; let us then employ them to bring him closer to God, to impress him with the beauty of His service; we will charm his eyes, delight his ears, and through all this he will see and come to learn the infinite grace, beauty and goodness of the Creator in the services of his Holy Church."

I hope to speak of this matter at greater length at some future day.

PALETTA.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

A quiet week at the theatres, this now passed. Since the appearance of Julia Dean as "Griselda" which occurred too late for notice this week, and the *réentrée* of John Brougham at the Olympic, no ruffle of novelty has there been upon the placid theatric river.

To continue the river metaphor, "Black Sheep" goes on swimmingly at the New York Theatre. The actors have become accustomed to their various rôles, and the pruning knife has been used to good effect in the play. At Wallack's Dan Bryant gives his last stroke to-night, while Julia Dean performs the same natatorial feat at the Broadway.

At Banvard's Museum they are swimming against the wind and tide of public favor manfully; now and then a wave breaks over them, but they still keep their heads above water.

The "Japs," at the Academy, came to untimely grief—the current was too strong, and they sank—into oblivion.

"Columbus Reconstructed" comes back to us bright, crisp, fresh as ever; although one of the worst of Mr. Brougham's burlesques, there is still much good in it; the famous "vision" rising above mere burlesque and very nearly touching poetry. Miss Emily Thorne, a new addition to the Olympic company, acts, sings, and looks magnificently as Columbia, that, at present, much abused young lady.

Dropping my oars I sink back into the critical boat, abandon myself to the tide, and float gently adown the stream of summer listlessness.

SHUGGE.

NEW BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Dombey & Son, by Charles Dickens. Ticknor & Fields, Boston and New York.

Dombey & Son forms the sixth number of the Diamond Dickens, issued by the above house, and is in all respects as to typography, paper and binding as handsome as the preceding volumes. The illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr., are boldly and spiritedly drawn, and are, for the most part, very cleverly characterized.

The Old Curiosity Shop, and Reprinted Pieces. Charles Dickens. Ticknor & Fields.

The Old Curiosity Shop, which develops several of Dickens' immortal characters, is the seventh volume of the Diamond Edition, and is equal to the preceding volumes in all mechanical excellences. This volume has an increased attraction in the addition of over thirty of the short fugitive pieces by Dickens, all of which bear his marked individuality, his keen observation, his broad humor, and his touching pathos.

The illustrations of the Old Curiosity Shop are admirable. Mr. Eytinge has been very felicitous in the treatment of the several characters. Whether in the touching, childish beauty of "Little Nell," or the moral and physical deformity of Quilp, in the fading form of the old Grandfather, or on the broad, strong outlines of Mrs. Jarley, Mr. and Mrs. Garland, Quilp's boy, Sampson and Sally Brass, or Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, his thought and his hand are equally fortunate.

The elegance, compactness and cheapness of the "Diamond Dickens," have served to give it an extraordinary popularity in the short space of a few months, and will eventually make it, emphatically, the People's edition.

The August number of the Atlantic Monthly is received. The following schedule will show the varied character of its contents: The Guardian Angel, Part eight; Hospital

Memories; Dirge for a Sailor; Up the Edisto; Poor Richard, part three; The Growth, Limitations, and Toleration of Shakespeare's Genius; Longfellow's Translation of Dante's Divina Commedia; The Old Story; A Week's Riding; The Little Land of Appenzell; The Lost Genius; Cincinnati; A Lilliput Province, together with the usual Reviews and Literary Notices. The Shakespeare disquisitions are searching and admirable; the article on Cincinnati is able and replete with interest, and the continued stories maintain their reputation. "A Week's Riding" is a delightful and earnest story; pure and hearty in feeling, healthy in tone and utterly devoid of that false sentiment and that materialism which so often disgrace the pages of our modern fiction writers.

The August number of "Our Young Folks," is rich in articles from its regular contributors, and in illustrations from the pencils of our best artists. The new continued story will greatly increase the circulation of "Our Young Folks," for to the young it cannot but prove of absorbing interest. The introduction of music, too, by so popular a composer as J. R. Thomas, is certain to prove a most valuable feature.

ANECDOTE OF GOLDSMITH.—Goldsmith, it is well known, was fond of music, practised it, at times, from his early years, and during his Continental tour, turned his limited execution on the violin to good account, by occasionally making a tune upon it the purchase of a meal and a lodging. His performances, however, were all by ear; he did not even understand the difference of the characters in which the music is written. His friend, Roubiliac, knowing that the poet valued himself on his supposed knowledge of the science, determined to play upon his vanity. One day he asked him to give him a tune (he also knew something of music) telling him that the style in which he had performed had made him wish that he would again play the same melody, that he might write it down. Goldsmith, proud of being thought a musician, and tickled with the artist's flattery, immediately consented.

Roubiliac then called for a sheet of paper, and scoring on it a few lined staves, requested his friend to begin. Goldsmith accordingly proceeded to play, and Roubiliac to write; but what he put down only consisted of random dots and strokes, such as any one might write down who was as ignorant as himself. When both had done, Roubiliac showed the paper to Goldsmith, who affecting to look over it with great attention, said it was perfectly correct, and that if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed that he was so good a musician, as to write down music only by the aid of his ear.

The old bell which has summoned the undergraduates of Dartmouth to duty for the last twenty years, became so badly cracked the present spring, that it has been replaced by a new one. The motto adopted for the college by President Wheelock, "Vox clamantis in deserto," is cast on it, with the words, "Ora et labora."